THAT DOG OF MINE

JOE WALKER.

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BY

JOE WALKER,

Author of "My Dog and Yours."

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR BY

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DEDICATED
TO
THE BEST DOG IN THE WORLD.
(N.B.—But I don't mean the one
that you do.)

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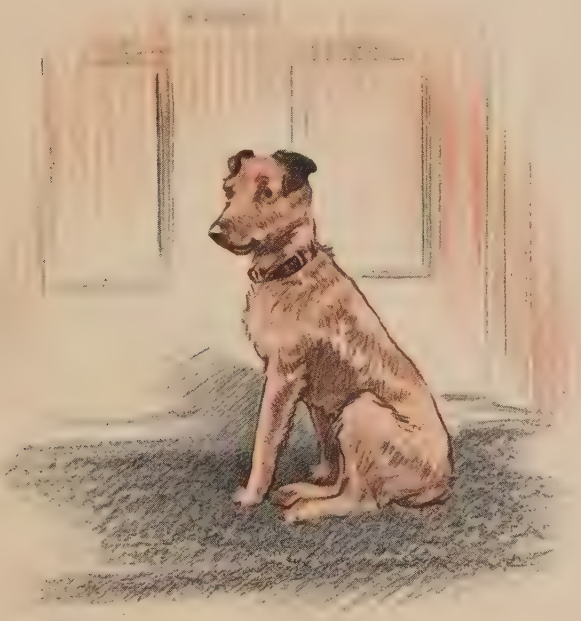
DOG SPEAKING.

No, You Don't!

There *may* be a bone on the kitchen floor,
There *may* be a cat at the scullery door,
And it *may* be William has seen a rat,
But, thanks! I shall stay on the hall front mat.
Oh, it's silly the way each one pretends
That he cannot think why I won't budge, my friends,
You're clever, the lot of you, but—I *know*
The car's coming round—and I MEAN TO GO.



My Needs.

I do not want a lot of things, my needs are very few—
My biscuits, water (always fresh), at times a bone to chew,
I want my runs at stated hours and whether fine or wet,
And if I hint one's overdue folks must not get upset,
I want a basket out of draughts wherein at night I'll rest,
Or take siestas in the day when things have lost their zest,
I want a window look-out whence I can our road survey,
And criticize my friends and foes and pass the time of day,
I want to dig a tidy hole just when I like and where,
And nobody's to watch me dig, and William's not to swear,
And—there are odds and ends of things I'd like, but if I find
I mustn't, well, I stretch and yawn and say, "Oh, never mind!"
But here's the most important thing—all other needs above,
Without it, Life is not worth while—I *must* have lots of love!

"Coming by the 5.49."

I must find out what's up—it puzzles me.
When I went in to Missis with her tea
She looked most awful happy, and she said,
"Yes, if you like—yes—jump up on the bed!"
(It's generally, "Down! I'm shocked at you!")
I had three lumps of sugar, big ones, too.
She wouldn't go for walks, but sat quite still
Waiting for something, all the morning, till
A kind of postman, not our usual one,
Strolled up the road. You should have seen her run
Down to the gate. When she came back again
She hugged me lots. I wish she would explain.
That was at lunch time. Now . . . why, that's the car,
And Missis calling, "Jack! . . . oh, there you are!
Come on, old chap! . . . the station . . . MASTER!" Oh,
That was the reason. Wow-wow! Off we go!

The Real Reason.

They call me "clever," but I get so tired
Of being praised and sloppily admired
For doing silly things—I "die," I beg,
I growl, when told, or "shake" a friendly leg;
Such foolish stunts I do with utmost ease,
One feels an idiot, but it seems to please,
And, after all, it would be a mistake
To sneer at sugar or to turn down cake.
Still, I *am* "clever," though folks do not know
Why I agree with them that this is so,
But here's the reason—*every blessed day*
I please myself and get my own sweet way.

Getting into Hot Water.

"*We're ready.*" Are we? I suppose they think
I didn't hear. "*The tub, please, in the sink*
And, Cook, make sure the water's not too hot!
Yes, we're quite ready." Missis, dear, I'm *not.*
(I may as well pretend to be asleep,
Or, if they go on talking, I might creep . . .)
. . . All right, I'll come, but you must carry me.
. . . I *didn't* growl! I'm yawning, don't you see?
Now, do go gently with the soap—it stings,
Besides, I'm sure I haven't any "things."
I like the rubbing part, but please don't try
To comb too closely round my off-side eye!
. . . Yes, good as—possible, and when we've done
Of course *two* biscuits (sweet ones) *and* a run!

Fetch and Carry.

Throw it once again—please do!
We aren't tired a bit—are you?
Further, this time—it's more fun
When we *really* have to run.
Come back, Jack! that isn't fair;
Wait until it's in the air!
. . . Yes . . . quite ready . . . come now . . .
please!
. . . Ah, you're doing that to tease! . . .
Just once more! You silly Jack,
There it is behind his back!
Only just *once* more? . . . All right!
If you won't—you won't. You might!
. . . No good waiting; he's said NO!
And he means it. Come, let's go
Off upon our own. There's Ted
Walking to the potting shed;
P'raps he'll move those sacks—No, wait!
Wasn't that the garden gate?
Hurry, Jack, now look alive!
Postman coming down the drive!

No Place Like It.

Well, here we are, safe back again!
It wasn't bad (except the train),
And though at first the dogs one met
Were rather stand-off, you soon get
On friendly terms and understand
Their little ways. Then it was grand
To have dear Master all the day
Quite close at hand for runs and play.
At first I must admit the "Sea"
(That splashy water!) frightened me,
Yet soon I found it quite a lark
To run along the edge and bark.
Of course they tried to make me swim,
And coaxed and coaxed. No, not for Jim!
I sat besides their clothes and moped
And kept an eye on them and hoped
They wouldn't get in danger—when
I should have had to go in then.
(It's funny humans never try
To shake themselves—they'd soon be dry.)
I didn't often get a walk,
They'd sit and talk and talk and talk
And fall asleep. (I did the same.)
Yes, on the whole 'twas rather tame,
And Home is best. Hullo, I think
I hear a sound I know—the clink
Of tea-things! Yes, and I can smell
That kind of cake I like so well!

But first of all I'd better look
Downstairs and call on Jane and Cook,
Then trot right round the place to see
How folks have managed without me.

Not Too Bad.

I'm rather tired. I'm glad it's time
For bed, and, as I slowly climb
Into my basket I must say
I've had a pretty decent day.
Let's see! Two walks, a scrumptious run
All on my own, a bit of fun
With that new cat next door (I wish
Missis would sometimes give me fish),
I missed the dustman (what a shame!)
But teased both postmen, had a game
With several friends who chanced to call,
I bit a hole in my new ball,
I had a doze in Master's chair
(Cook very nearly caught me there,
But I'd kept one eye on the door
And so she found me on the floor!),
I drank the birds' bath almost dry
(The flavour's pleasing—don't know why),

I chased a rat round William's shed,
But won't repeat what William said
About his flower-pots (I admit
That one or two got smashed a bit),
And . . . I've forgotten half the rest,
But anyways I did my best
To make things hum, and—seems to me
I've done it quite successfully.
Here comes my biscuit! That's all right!
Please kiss me, Missis dear! Good Night!
I'm dreffle sleepy . . . would you mind
Tucking my blanket in behind?

Fed Up.

Yes, it was fun at first to sit and yell
At other dogs and feel an awful swell,
And when I tired of that, then I could creep
Into the back and loll or fall asleep.
Yes, jolly fun—though often when we tore
Faster than usual my left eye felt sore.
Those were the times we used to bump. What Ho!
(Scared? Just a bit. I never let them know.)
Oh, it was larks—at first, but now I say
"Bother the thing!" It's Car, Car, Car, all day.
He's always out with it, or, if he's not,
He's underneath and getting cross and hot.
I'd like to help, but if I go and look
He's most ungrateful—"Hi, Dog! Sling your hook!"
Whilst as for walks—I shouldn't think I've had
A decent one for weeks, it is too bad!
Crawls to the post and back are all I get,
And even then—The Car! if it looks wet!
I'm off my grub, I'm getting horrid fat,
Don't feel inclined to chase the next-door cat.
I'm fed up! Yes, if I should never see
The smelly beast again—. They're off! HI! WAIT FOR ME!

An Anxious Moment.

He's taken down his hat; he's going out!
Hooray!
I hope he doesn't want the silly car to-day.
Perhaps it's only "Post"—oh, what an awful
sell!
No—for he's tapped the glass, and brushed his
coat as well.
Hullo! he's fetched his stick—that means it's
not the car;
His big brown blunky boots!—a *proper* walk!
Hurrah!

Original Research.

Me and Marmaduke and Bill
Saw it on the window-sill,
But it got away from us,
Making such a silly fuss;
So we all ran out to see
Where this funny thing could be.
Now we've found it on the ground
Buzzing still and crawling round.
Though we know that Mother dear
(Luckily she isn't here)
Said, "You mustn't touch those things
Painted yellow—they have 'stings'"
(Wonder if she meant they bite;
Mother's very often right)
Yet—it would be rather fun
Just to see if it will run
When we pat it. Come, let's try!
(After all, it's like a fly,
Only bigger.) Hush! No noise!
Are you ready? Go, my boys!

* * *

Mother dear is always right;
Buzzy things like that *can* bite.

The Newcomer.

I don't know why I'm here. I've lost the others,
My mother dear, my little baby brothers,
All gone. Just me! The world's a lonely place;
Still—when I gaze into your loving face
I feel less wretched, though I won't deny
If you should put me down I'd want to cry.
(O mother dear, how very much I miss you!)
Please hold me tight—I think I'd like to kiss
you.

Why?

Just . . . me! I don't know how I came
To be . . . just—me, but Life's a game—
A splendid game! There's food, and sun,
And walks, and bones, and naps, and fun
With kindly folks who roll my ball,
And—Missis!—she's the best of all.
If she is near me I forget
The things that puzzle me—and yet
Just sometimes, when she is not by
And I'm alone, I wonder . . . Why?

Which?

I'm fond of him, I'm fond of her;
I don't know which one I prefer.
He takes me longer walks, I know,
Though when he's really cross—What Ho!
She fusses round me in the street,
But when I'm seedy, oh, she's sweet!
(She sat up with me all the night
The time I had that spiffin' fight.)
He's much too ready with his "joke,"
And makes me smell his pipe and choke,
Yet he will take me on his knee
And give me much more cake at tea.
Dear Missis always sees I'm fed
At proper times and tucked in bed,
And when she leaves me all alone
Makes sure I've got my ball or bone,
But if I make the parrot mad
By barking—then she says I'm bad.
Well, then again, he lets me yell
When anybody rings the bell,
But if I ask him if he'll play
When he is reading—"Go away!"
Which of the two do I prefer?
I worship him—I dote on her.
The question's silly, for, you see,
I love them both—they both love me.

Lawn Fertilizer.

That really is the blessed limit! Well,
I don't know when I've struck a bigger sell!
They've shut the garden door, the windows too,
But now and then a scrumptious whiff comes through.
I've never smelt a niff quite like it. No!
But—"Now then, Peter, you are *not* to go,
So leave off snuffing! "My, that's jolly rough!
There's William spreading all the lovely stuff
Over the lawn! Oh dear, it would be nice
To creep out there and roll just once or twice.
But if he sneaked (he would), well, it would mean
A beastly fuss, and "*Never* get you clean!"
And then a bath (with lots of tingly stuff).
P'raps, on the whole, it isn't good enough,
But, all the same—oh, here comes fusspot Cook!
. . . Yes, yes, I know, but—can't a fellow *look?*

And One Little Dog Stayed at Home.

Now, look here, Cook, I want to know
Why I must wear this silly bow,
It makes me look ridiculous;
And why's there such an awful fuss
All round the house? Please, do explain!
Here's Mary—she's come back again,
My basket's in the lounge instead
Of being upstairs by your bed,
You've put the rugs down in the hall,
I've noticed lots of people call
And leave a heap of things to-day,
You haven't time to stop and play,
There's such a dreadful smell of soap,
Not "bath" again for me, I hope!
I had one yesterday—I can't
Keep having them (what's more—I *shan't!*).
Cook, won't you tell me why? Do, please!
Now don't be such an awful tease!
Oh, leave the blessed bow alone!
I'll go and sulk all on my own
If you won't tell me. Come—you might!
. . . "They're coming back! . . . *quite soon*!!
. . . TO-NIGHT!!!"
Here, let me go! No, I can't wait!
I've *got* to meet them at the gate!

Cheering Him Up.

I've torn up all his envelopes in tiny little bits,
I've growled at every cat that passed and
frightened it to fits,
I've chased my tail until I'm tired, I've knocked
the poker down,
I've just done everything I could to drive away
his frown,
But still he looks as glum as glum, and calls me
"noisy whelp!"
Yes, that is all the thanks I get for trying hard
to help.
As he doesn't seem to want me, I suppose I'd
better go,
And—Cook's busy getting supper—I might try
—you never know!

Waiting Outside.

I've got to stay with Walters, and I find it jolly
slow;
He doesn't care a bit for dogs (and often tells
me so).
I do not like to snooze in case a pal might stroll
this way,
Er! when one's in the car one likes to pass the
time of day.
If Walters was a gentleman he'd let me take a
run
(But then he's not—he's fond of cats), and I
could have some fun;
I'd keep my eye upon the shop and get back
'fore they came,
But if I try to do a bunk he'll stop my little
game.
I do wish strangers would behave and not stare
in our car
(It's me they're gazing at—not you, old grumpy
Walters, Yah!);

One gets so sick of hearing, "Oh, just look!"
There'll be a scene
The next time someone calls me "Cairn"! (*Me!*
—prize-strain Aberdeen!)
. . . Walters! That wire-hair over there!
Walters! you sleepy lout!
He'll think I'm frightened . . . Hi you! wait!
Walters! *please* let me out!
. . . Oh, well! He's gone. I thought he'd bunk
if I just yelled. . . . At last
They're coming, Walters! Wake up now—and
mind you drive home fast!

Dunno.

I dunno why I wag my tail, nor want to jump
on chairs,
I dunno why I'm not allowed to try and climb
up stairs,
I dunno why I often skid when prowling in the
hall,
I dunno why it's wrong to bite a hole in my nice
ball,
I dunno why I musn't go for strolls all on my
lone,
I dunno why big brother Binks won't let me
touch his bone,
I dunno why I musn't doze quite near the
comfy fire,
I dunno why I cannot eat as much as I desire,
I dunno why the hiccups come, nor why I get
a pain
All underneath—until I'm sick, then soon feel
well again,
I dunno why I musn't chew a shoe—it's such a
lark!
I dunno why folks seem amused when I decide
to bark,
I dunno why I am beloved by nearly everyone,
But this I do know—Life's all right, and just a
heap of fun.

The Unfairness of it.

I mustn't leave my bone and ball upon the mat
or stair,
Yet Master's hat and shoes and "sticks" are
thrown just anywhere;
If I "sit up" for "one bit more" I'm told
"You've had enough!"
But no one says to Master "Stop!"—It's really
rather tough;
I mustn't give the weeniest grunt when dozing
on the mat,
But Master—after dinner! Wow! It simply
scares the cat!
I mustn't take a stroll alone—I've always got
to wait
Till someone else is going out (we've got a
shut-to gate),
But Master merely says "So long," and stops
out all the day,
Now if I did it, only once, I know what folks
would say;
I mustn't—most things, seems to me, and yet
I will not fret,
It's most unfair, but—mustn't grouse, I get
some fun, you bet!

Fancy!

Fancy not knowing why one buries bones,
And why one loves to fetch and carry stones!
Fancy not knowing that the way to wake
In half a tick is—give yourself a shake!
Fancy not knowing, if you're feeling sick,
A little grass, well-chewed, will do the trick!
Fancy not knowing (though I do not know
Quite how one does so) if it's Friend or Foe!
Fancy not knowing, if you chance to stray,
Your nose, of course, will scent the homeward way!
Fancy not knowing why one hates *all* cats,
And barks at birds, and worries shoes and mats!
Fancy not knowing that I hate to see
People are laughing, though in joke, at me!
Fancy not knowing that it's rather fun
Scratching yourself—although there isn't one!
Fancy not knowing—but I think I'll stop,
Merely observing as to sleep I drop—
Dear Master's not so clever as he thinks;
He knows a lot—but so do I!

(signed) BINKS.

Business First!

Clear off, I'm busy! Hop it, do!
Or I shall get annoyed with you.
. . . Look here, my lad, I can't stop now,
But if you really want a row
I'd be obliged if you will wait
Until I've reached our garden gate
And Missis says I can put down
This basket I have brought from Town
(You couldn't carry it, at least
You wouldn't want to—lazy beast!)
Then I'll slip back again and meet
You—where you like—along the street
(Just near your lamp post, eh? All right!)
Then you'll—*apologize or fight!*
It's not the thing—this making fun
Of chaps on duty—'tisn't done.
Yes, you may grin, but recollect
There'll be no basket to protect!
Now don't hide down your drive, you lout!
For if you do—*I'll fetch you out!*

Splitting the Difference.

Leggo!
I shan't. Besides, it's much too big
For you to carry.
Sandy, you're a pig.
He threw it in for *me*. You must have heard
Him say, "*Good* dog! go fetch!"
That's quite absurd.
'Twas me he meant it for; you'd let it drop
Before you got half-way.
Come, Peter, stop!
This water's jolly cold. Do let it be!
Oh, go and shake yourself! (but don't splash me!)
There's Master whistling. Why don't you run back?
I didn't hear him. If you did—There! Crack!
You've broken it.
Look here, we needn't fight;
Let's each take half to him and ask who's right.
Oh, very well, but—dunno that I care
If you don't want it—Look! that rat down there!

The Question.

I don't quite understand how you could go,
Leaving behind your friend who loves you so,
Without a warning—was it kindly meant?
I could not lick your hand before you went,
Nor feel you pat my head, nor hear "good-night";
Master, I'll not complain—you're always right,
But had you told me I must stay behind
With friendly strangers meaning to be kind,
I might have felt less sad, perhaps—and yet . . .
Well, I must be "good dog," I must not fret;
Try to remember all the things you've taught.
I will be brave, but, oh, the horrid thought
That always comes—*Wherever you may be,*
Can you be happy, Master, without me?

The Ungallants.

I wish she hadn't come; she spoils a walk.
Now they've sat down they'll talk and talk and talk
Whilst we shall have to wait—just when we've got
To where things get exciting. Awful rot!
And if we ask him to go on—"Keep still,
Don't fidget, dogs," a dozen times until
(I know those two) the next thing's sure to be,
"Come along back, or we'll be late for tea."
Another good walk spoilt; we might as well
Crawl up the High Street; it's a beastly sell.
Of course it's all her fault; and what a fuss
He makes with her . . . he was so fond of us . . .
But now . . . he doesn't seem to care. Perhaps
One of these days . . . he may get tired. You chaps,
They're at it still—let's chance it! Do you see . . .
Down in the hollow? No noise . . . follow me!

If Only.

If Cook had only let me be (why must she interfere?)
And jumped at once upon her chair and left the coast quite clear;
If only Mary hadn't yelled when it dodged round the pail,
And dropped the tea-things with a crash and trampled on my tail;
If only William hadn't shut and banged the pantry door,
And sent me spinning round and round across the kitchen floor;
If only Puss had been asleep (the way he spat and cursed!
No gentleman! He must have known I spotted it the first);
If only everyone had left the simple job to me
It wouldn't now be in its hole and making game of me.
But there—since Mary and the cook, the knife-boy and the cat,
Refused to give me half a chance—I've missed the beastly rat.

A Touch of Insomnia.

("They do not lie awake and weep for their sins."
—WALT WHITMAN.*)*

I wonder why I woke. That was a topping
dream—
Something about a cat *and* rats *and* lots of
cream.
Hullo, my blanket's slipped, my cushion's
anyhow;
Still, Cook will soon be down (it's getting
lighter, now);
She'll tuck me up again. . . . I wonder if
she'll spot
That missing cutlet! Wow! I trust that she will
not!
It's wrong of her to leave the larder door ajar;
I happened to stroll by—just looked—and—
there you are!
. . . Now, did I leave the bone upon the scul-
lery mat?
Perhaps I didn't, and—she may suspect the cat.
. . . H'm! Master's shoe . . . of course I
didn't mean to bite
A hole, but somehow . . . whew! . . . *out
on the lawn all night!*
Well, it's his fault. I said, "Oh, please, do
come and play!"
And he kept growling "No," and shoo-ing me
away.

. . . Bother these hiccups! Ooh! I do feel
queer—I think
When Cook comes down (she's late) I'll ask her
for a drink.
It must be that new kind of biscuit; I don't see
Why she should make a change—I thought
they'd disagree.
. . . Yes, Cook is late to-day . . . . . .
. . . . . It's gone—that tiresome pain!
I'll scratch my cushion up . . . and . . . fall . . .
asleep again.

A Leading Question.

That wretched basket means, I fear,
No decent walk—just "shops"! Oh dear!
Yes, there's the lead! . . . Will I be "good"?
You mean "don't pull"? As if I should!
(Provided, Missis, we don't meet
Some beastly cat along the street,
Or postman, or the dog I hate
Who stands and growls behind his gate,
Or any pal who wants a lark,
Or boys who "psust!" to make me bark,
Or friends of yours who bore me stiff
By hanging round to chat)—As if
I'd think of pulling! Don't you know
Me better? Hurry up! Let's go!

* * *

. . . I'm *tugging*!!! Very well, I'll crawl . . .
My! What a mix-up! Drat it all,
You might unhitch my hind legs! . . Right! . .
Ooh, now this front paw's tied up tight! . . .

(*continued*)

Let's start again! . . . How could I tell
Which side the lamp-post—! Very well,
It's all my fault, and I'm unkind,
Still, I'd be glad if you'd unwind
The beastly thing. . . . Choke? So would you
If your poor neck was half cut through! . . .
What? *Let me loose?* Ha, now you'll see
How Angel-Doggy I shall be!
I'll stop directly I am told,
In short, I'll be as good as gold
(Always provided . . .). Come on! Quick!

* * *

(I thought, in time, I'd do the trick).

Divided Allegiance.

It isn't very dignified, I know,
To romp like this and let him tease me so.
He rolls me over, pulls me by the leg,
Makes me run races, "die" for him and beg,
Half chokes me sometimes, ruffles up my hair,
Does what he likes with me—I do not care.
Spite of it all, I love to play with him,
And he, I'm certain, just adores old Jim.

I'm fond of Master, too, of course, but when
They both want me at once, I'm puzzled then,
For often, just as Master calls, I feel
Two loving baby arms around me steal.
"Oh, doggie dear, please stay an' have a game!
You're going to leave me? Jimmy, what a shame!"
Then Master: "Jimmy! Jimmy! where are you?"
Those loving arms—what is a dog to do?

Trespassers will be . . .

Just wait until I catch you—then we'll see!
How dare you come and sit quite close to me!
You've spoiled my nap—when I was dreaming, too,
About a rat as big again as you;
Another minute—I'd have got him fair,
Only I woke 'cos you were sitting there,
And *washing,* if you please! I know your face
Wants cleaning; still, our garden's not the place.
Then when I said, quite kindly, "Go away!"
You used bad language, I regret to say,
And nearly scratched me. Next you tried the gate;
But I was quicker—you were just too late.
Oh, you may duck and dodge, you won't get clear;
I'll have you yet (if folks don't interfere).

* * *

Come out of that—it's not your house, you know!
(He's rushed upstairs! Big Biscuits! Here's a go!)

A Lesson in Behaviour.

I thought I saw him coming. No, I'm wrong;
Well, never mind, I'm sure he won't be long.
Now when he does come, don't forget, my boys,
He doesn't like us making too much noise:
Say "Howdee" quietly—(and pray, Elise,
Don't choose that moment to start scratching,
please!)
Directly we're let out, don't lose your heads
And scamper everywhere across the beds;
Keep to the path, and if you reach the gate
Ahead of Master, everyone must wait!
Once we're outside, do what you like (but—
Star!
Remember . . . yesterday . . . that motor-car!)
Until he whistles—that means "Dogs, come
back!"
(So don't pretend you haven't heard him, Jack!)
On the way home—but here he comes! Hooray!
I'll tell you all the rest another day.

Mercenary Montmorency.

It's nice to know I am admired,
But, frankly, I am getting tired.
I've sat up, begged, I've worn a hat,
I've "died for England" on the mat,
Until I feel inclined to drop,
So kindly note I'm going to stop!
No, I'm not sulky; you're to blame
Because you haven't played the game.
I've shown your friend my clever tricks,
And my reward is—simply Nix!
You're "sorry"? Then I should suggest
Sugar (some large lumps) would be best
To show your grief . . . Yes, cake will do.
. . . Biscuits? All right, I'll take them too.

* * *

No more? . . . In that case, I propose
To show your friend before he goes
My tricks again—yes, every one.
This time I'll do them just for fun,
Though if—(They've gone! Well, I don't
care!
The sugar-basin's on the chair!)

Dislocated Nose.

They'd got Me—and I always thought
I filled the bill, but now they've bought
This wretched thing! It's got no hair,
And squeals all night, and what's unfair
Is—if I make the slightest sound
When I'm tucked up, or rout around
Because my cushion's wrong, I'm told
I'm "naughty dog," and don't they scold!
But—It! the more it howls and cries
The more they seem to sympathise.
I'm quite neglected, haven't had
A run for days, it's much too bad,
And even Cook leaves me alone,
She quite forgets I'd like a bone.
If I go near the thing, they yell
(Not that I want to). Very well,
If anybody thinks I mind
Being neglected, they will find
That they're mistaken. Still, I'd like
To let them know their sad old Mike
Has noticed things. What shall I do?
I'll bite a tidy hole or two
In Master's slippers—and this mat,
Then I might go and tease the cat,

And when I've finished scaring him
I'll trot next door and scrap with Jim.
Of course I wouldn't mind a bit
Another dog, but . . . this . . . this, IT!

Cross Words.

Did you say "Bow-legs"?
Well, and if I did,
I heard you whisper, "Spotty!" ill-bred kid!
If I were you, I shouldn't mention "breed."
Oh, wouldn't you, and, pray, why not, indeed?
If you can't guess—I'd rather not explain.
You meant—
I didn't!
Just say that again,
And I'll—
You can't; she's holding you too tight.
Look here, young Scotty, if you want a fight
Come round to my place!
Right you are, old chap,
I'm always ready for a decent scrap;
But if you're really pining for a row,
There's no time like the present—come on now!
If I were off the lead you wouldn't dare
To talk like that, you coward, tisn't fair.
(If he got loose I shouldn't have a chance.)
Now, keep your temper, don't begin to dance!
Another insult—and I'll chew you up,
You bandy, stumpy, mangy, long-haired pup!
(I'd better stop; he's getting pretty mad.
Hooray, we're going!) Cheerio, my lad!
Next time you're passing, don't forget to call;
Always so glad to see you—SPOTS AND ALL!

My Mistake.

Well, hullo, Cook! . . .
. . . I do declare
She's fast asleep—and over there
I rather fancy I can see
What looks the very thing for me
(That peckish feeling!)—yes, *some* chop!
Now, if I quietly can hop
From chair to table, it's in reach.
(Quite time that somebody should teach
Her not to leave the food around!)
Ooh, steady, Binks! Don't make a sound!

* * *

Me for the garden! What a sell!
She *looked* asleep—but you can't tell.

Rising to the Occasion.

(The Pekinese protests.)

Say, if you like, I look absurd
As, at my gentle owner's word,
I stand erect and slowly pace
Adown the room with careless grace.
"Ridiculous?" What do I care,
So it delights my mistress fair?
Besides, pray note, my scoffing friend,
My dignity does not depend
Whether on four legs or on two
I walk. Can this be said of you?
Let's make the test. Come, if you please,
Get down upon your hands and knees,
And then we very soon shall see
If *you* preserve your dignity!

Will Shoppers Kindly Note?

I'm not complaining, Missis, for I know
You wouldn't be unkind, but when we go
Out with the basket and I'm on the lead
It's difficult—it really is, indeed,
Not to get mixed up both with it and you,
For I get puzzled, don't know what to do—
Such heaps of people, and they seem so tall—
That's why I'm dithered, and I feel so small,
And my poor toes . . . ! Don't think that I'd
prefer
To stay at home—I must protect my "Her,"
But—please remember that your loving Pete
Is rather wee, *and there's such lots of feet.*

MASTER (or Mistress) SPEAKING.

At the Bend of the Road.

You're not to blame—that's clearly understood.
He didn't look, but darted from the wood,
Poaching, most likely; yes, without a doubt;
You honked your loudest, bellowed "Hi! Look
out!"
But caught him sideways as you tried to swerve
(Tricky at "40" coming round that curve).
"*No use in stopping*"! True—so why delay?
Somebody else can clear the—"it" away.
"*No collar . . . mongrel . . .*"—yes, that kind of
dog!
You "*must be moving . . . lateish . . .*"?
Drive on, Hog!

The Tyrant.

Now, do not look like that! Oh yes, I know
Just what I said—I said, "*Perhaps* we'll go
Down by the river and then back again
Home by the spinney—*if it doesn't rain.*"
You didn't listen as a good dog should,
If you had done so you'd have understood.
It's coming down in sheets; I've got a cough
And don't feel well. Look here, if it leaves off
Say, after supper, then I think I might
Take you a run, a little one, to-night.
Will that do, eh? Oh, be a sport, yes, do!
Look how its pelting now, we'd get wet
through.
You're broken-hearted? Well, I do not mind.
You've lost your faith for ever in mankind?
Sorry. I did *not* promise. There, that's flat.
I said *perhaps* . . . . . .
. . . . . DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!
You bully! Yes, you want to break *my* heart!
Oh, get your collar! Hurry up! Let's start!

The Dog in the Manger.

Was there a dog—and did he raise his head
As to the stable by the great star led
Drew near the Wise Men in their proud array
To pay glad homage on that Christmas Day?
"Who goes there? Strangers!" Then inside he'd trot
And stand on guard beside the lowly cot
Till, reassured, he'd strive to make amends,
"I didn't know, you see, that you were friends."
Then, as they knelt and proffered gifts most rare,
I fancy him, delighted, standing there,
Till, reverence paid, they pass into the night
Watched by him keenly till they fade from sight,
Then back he creeps into that stable dim.

* * *

"A dog?" Who knows? *I* like to picture him.

The Guardians of My Lady.

Here where the sunlight falls and soft winds stir
The lazy trees, they sit and watch for her.
Patient they wait; no eyes nor ears have they
Save for their mistress sweet whom they obey.
Within the radiance of her smile to bask—
To follow where she leads—is all they ask.
"We are not proud that beautiful are we
(Who guard the lovely, comely, too, should be),
But proud are we that 'tis our joyous care
To shield from harm our lady sweet and fair,
A loving look, a word, a fond caress,
Reward enough. Ah, does she ever guess
That we live but for her—for her would die?"
Patient they wait beneath the summer sky.
Here where the sunlight falls and soft winds blow,
See, here she comes—she whom they honour so.

Dog o' Mine.

Dear dog, I miss you so—and yet
'Tis selfish of me to regret
And wish to have you back again,
You who at last are freed from pain.
I wonder if your loving heart
Knew that the time had come to part;
I think you did, for in your eyes
Flickered, methought, a grieved surmise
That this, alas, must be the end,
The dread good-bye of man and friend.
I could have wished that death had crept
On you, unwitting, as you slept;
It would have helped me, pal so true,
To feel—"At least, he never knew."
If . . . somehow . . . somewhere . . . it may be
That you are conscious still of me,
Remember this—you gave me more
Than ever friend gave friend before;
To you I owe . . . (*"Nay, Master! Set
Your love for me against the "debt"!*)

* * *

Yes, better far that you should go,
But, dog o' mine—I'll miss you so!

True Witness.

A Northland legend runs—that on the Day
When ice and snow and all else melt away,
The Great White Chief (around whose hoary
head
Flicker the Lights) shall judge both quick and
dead.

He will be just, and little will he heed
Men's vain excuses in that hour of need,
But seek the truth from those who cannot lie—
"*Summon your dogs! Lo, they shall testify!*"

HER GUARDIAN.

The Idea!

Of course you're not! You don't include the word
In your bright lexicon. It's too absurd!
You have your faults, maybe; you don't pretend
To be the Perfect Dog, my loving friend,
But to be labelled with such epithet—
It is the limit, isn't it, my pet?
'Tis true you hate to see me stop and pat
Some chance acquaintance. Very natural, that!
Then you're annoyed if anyone should try
To come too near me when you're standing by,
And when folks call, you quickly let them know
That in your judgment they are much *de trop,*
Whilst should my wife but dare to stroke my head,
Or (worse!) to kiss me, straightway you see red.
You'd be quite happy in a world of two,
A desert island holding me and you;
For all the rest you've not the slightest use,
And would consign them gladly to the deuce.
This is admitted, but—that people dare
To hint you're jealous—*jealous!* . . . Is it fair?

Diplomacy.

Of course it really isn't fair.
I'm sitting in a straight-backed chair
Some distance from the fire. A draught
Is raking me both fore and aft;
And if you'd know the reason why
I shiver thus, I make reply—
My easy chair, my very own,
Is occupied by Jock (with bone),
Upon the hearthrug Peter lies
Engaged in catching phantom flies,
The sofa's creaking springs attest
The weight of Sam (un-paying guest),
And curled up tightly, snoring, smug,
Behold, upon the pouffe, the pug!
Expostulation would be vain,
They'd gaze at me, then doze again.
Ha, Ha!—by desperation stirred
I utter low a magic word!
And helter-skelter, pitter-pat,
They tear outside . . . *"Hi! where's that cat!"*

* * *

I take *my* chair, I loll and doze,
And, as I toast my frozen toes
Before the welcome blaze, I smile
And feel once more that life's worth while.

Moral.

A little tact, so wise men say,
Will clear all obstacles away.

To Her Poodle.

If by chance upon the stairs
I should meet you unawares,
    Honey dear,
Wherefore do you pass me by
With suspicion in your eye?
    Do you fear
I have some nefarious plot
For abducting you? I've not.

All the other dogs I know
Greet me with a "Cheerio";
    Only you
Contemplate me with disdain,
Or turn round and run again
    Back to Lou.
It suggests that you're inclined
To mistrust me. How unkind!

Honey dear, just try and see
If you can't get fond of me;
    Let's be friends!
'Tisn't ladylike to snub,
And besides (ah, here's the rub!)
    Much depends
On our being friends—then Lou
May in time approve me too.

Misunderstanding.

When I sat down, dear James, I didn't see
This gorgeous present you have offered me
And modestly have placed exactly where
I take mine ease within my padded chair.
You looked surprised when hastily I rose
And nearly stumbled on your shaggy toes,
But I am grateful, yes, indeed, I am,
And if I breathed—a word that rhymes with
"jam,"
Well, it is something of a grievous shock
To find one's resting on a bone—not flock.
Oh, very grateful—more than I can say
(I wonder whence you stole it, by the way).
Now where shall I this treasured gift bestow?
Upon the mantelpiece? . . . I gather "NO!"
Or . . . where? . . . up here? . . . I'm very much
inclined
To think this growling means you've changed
your mind.
You want it back? No gift! Not even loan!
A safe-deposit for your greasy bone
Was all you wanted, whilst you took a stroll
Around the kitchen. Well, upon my soul!
A little petrol may remove the stain
From off the cushion—there will still remain
Within my heart the knowledge I've been had.
Here, take the smelly thing, my guileful lad!

No Evidence.

A chicken has been missed from "Poplar View,"
So runs the gossip, possibly it's true;
We're very sorry, but we do not see
How we our neighbour's chicken-guard can be,
So why tell us? We hear the Jinx's cat
Has climbed a tree and stays there. What of that?
(Between ourselves, no decent cat would stay
In such a house, but this is by the way).
Now comes the news—the Smithers are bereft
Of a large steak the butcher's boy had left
On their back-doorstep as the kitchen bell
Refused to function. Most annoying! Well,
A little sal ammoniac in time
Would have prevented such a heinous crime.
When I met Wilkes just now, he scowled and said,
"Someone's been digging up my wallflower bed!
There's bits of bone . . . "—I answered, undismayed,
"It wasn't me—I never touch a spade,
And if I did, among my numerous faults
Is not the rifling of ancestral vaults."

(*continued*)

(*Drop it, you—Demon! No, I'm shocked and vexed!*
The second shoe, this week! Whatever next!)
I love my neighbours, yet I am aware
Of something rather chilly in the air,
In fact, they hint—I'm slow to take offence—
But, really . . . Our dog? ! ! ! Where's their evidence?

In the Lumber-Room.

His shabby lead—his collar almost new—
(Do you remember
Our buying it; how he went with us, too,
Late last September?)

The whip we never used—he thought it fun
To see me take it
Down from the peg—then off with it he'd run
And proudly shake it.

The cushion from his basket—for a joke
He loved to bite it;
"Behold, ha! ha! a monstrous rat, dear folk,
Just see me smite it!"

Whip, collar, basket, lead—they all are here—
We shall be only
Too glad if you will take them—but, my dear,
We feel *so* lonely.

Very Hurt!

To Michael (four doors down).

Why do you cut me dead? We're neighbours,
yet,
No matter when we meet, I always get
The frozen paw, the blank, oblivious stare,
The "in-a-hurry-please-don't-stop-me" air;
You treat my "Howdee?" with intense disdain,
And, head averted, patter on again.
Look here, my lad (excuse me if I speak
With perfect candour)—if you were a Peke
Of lofty lineage, then you might contemn
Plebeian Me, but—well, considering (hem!)
That you are *not* blue-blooded, I can't see
Why you refuse to stop and chat with me.
("A rather 'Heinzy' dog of dingy shade"
Is what folks look for when you're "lost or
strayed").
Why don't you like me? Is it anything
That you have heard about me? I could bring
Good testimonials from some mutual friends
That might surprise you. Nobody pretends
To be quite perfect, still, upon the whole,
I am considered quite a decent soul.
You *"do not wish to stop"?* Oh, all right,
Mike!
Next time . . . I cut *you* dead, fat, stuck-up
tyke!

Haunted.

Yes, you have gone, and, someday, I'll . . .
forget;
But, oh, sad little ghost that haunts me yet!
The little sounds unheard of all save me,
The little glimpses I alone can see!
Dear little ghost, you need not be afraid
That I'll forget too quickly if you're laid!
Long months will pass ere I shall cease to strain
My eyes and ears to see and hear in vain.
Stay till drear loneliness no longer stalks
Close at my heels throughout my listless walks;
Let me still hear beside my bed at night
A basket creak . . *("Hullo! are you all right?")*
Let me imagine at the well-scratched gate
Reproachful welcome . . . "Master, you *are*
late!"
I know you've gone, and, someday, I'll . . .
forget,
But, loving ghost, . . . not yet . . . don't
leave me . . . yet!

A Word with the Prioress.

"Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed.
But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed . . ."
—"Canterbury Tales."

Those little dogs of yours—I'm rather grieved
(If Chaucer's story is to be believed)
To learn you pampered them, too kindly soul,
Giving them "bits" with milk and breakfast roll!
Small wonder that at times you mourned the loss
Of Tray or Sweetheart, little Blanche or Floss.
Don't think I blame you—you were not *au fait*
With dietetics in old Geoffrey's day.
Still, if in Fields Elysian you're allowed
(You'll not be happy if you may'nt) a crowd
Of "smale houndes," then I should suggest
You'll find this Spartan menu much the best—
Dry biscuit! Nothing else! . . . Sweet Prioress,
I can't continue, for an S.O.S.
Has reached me from the kitchen. I regret
To learn—*"Poor Spot! . . . large chop bone! . . . Fetch the Vet!!"*

My Dog.

I'm going to have a puppy for my very, very own,
And we'll take long walks together every day all on our lone,
And I'll have to buy a collar (with a tiny bell, I think),
And a plate for scraps and biscuits, and a saucer for his drink,
And I've found a lovely basket tucked away inside the loft,
And Cook's promised me a cushion, which I've told her *must* be soft,
And—I know I'll never need it—but I'll get a wiggly whip,
And the rest will call him "Nipper," but to me he'll just be "Nip,"
And I'll teach him to be 'bedient, and to do all sorts of tricks,
And he'll never bark at postmen, and he'll fetch and carry sticks,
And—he'll have to be a small one, for I've only two-and-eight,
But—I've-got-a-birthday-coming-and-I'll-write-to-Auntie-Kate!

Polly on the Lawn.

Ha! Ha! It wasn't Master—it was me
Whistling just now. I thought I'd like to see
If you could tell the difference, my lad;
I knew I'd have you. Still, why look so sad?
And please don't stare at me—I'm not the cat.
Here, wait a bit; let's have a little chat.
How old are you? What! nearly two! My word!
You stagger me! Go hon! It's quite absurd.
Eh? "What's *my* age?" My pup, I'm older far
Than your respected great-great-grandpapa;

There's no one else so old about the place;
I'm Eighty-two!! Yes, honest, Angel Face!
Not that I look it. Hurry up! Say NO!
Great Pea-nuts! What! You'd snub a lady so?
Do you know why I'm out here in the shade?
Our Vicar's called, and Missis was afraid
Some chance remark of mine might quite upset
His—What's that? Rain? Help! Polly's
getting wet!

Issa.

A Lady of Rome, circa 85 A.D.
(v. "Epigrams" of Martial, I, cix.)

Issa was a darling and had winning little ways
Deserving (Martial tells us) of her master's loving praise,
She was gentle, she was modest, and of course she never snored,
But shared his bed and breakfast and was everywhere adored,
She'd express her inmost feelings by little whines and barks,
She was sad when Publius sorrowed, when he larked she shared his larks.
We are told she never married some patrician canine swell,
But lived in single-blessedness did dainty Issa Belle.
(You will learn the simple reason if to Martial you refer—
No bow-wow in the whole of Rome was good enough for her!)
Now Publius was an artist—I am grieved I cannot say
If he was *the* neo-cubist of those days, or mere R.A.—

And he painted Issa's portrait, and he painted
it so well
That which was dog—which portrait, it was
very hard to tell,
And the reason of the portrait was—that when
by death bereft
Of his darling little Issa—he would still have
Issa left.
(It would seem that human nature has not
changed since far-off days
For on my wall a picture hangs at which I often
gaze.)
"Worth more than pearls of India," said
Publius, hence 'tis true,
For he was Issa's master, and so, of course, he
knew.

A Judicious Decision.

Mildred, I grieve that you should ask
And I refuse, but what a task
Is this that you propose to me—
To choose the fairest of the three;
Then on my choice you will bestow
This brand-new collar. Mildred, no!
Regretfully I must decline
The puzzling problem, maiden mine.
Think what dissension might ensue
Amongst these friends so staunch and true.
Paris himself in such a case
By his award met sad disgrace,
And where he failed should I succeed
In—? Ah, a lucky thought indeed!
I know, of course, what we must do—
Add to your prize another two!
"Bracketed equal." In your eyes
I read the comment, "Oh, how wise!"

The Gulf.

I rather liked you when at first we met,
We'd tastes in common, mutual friends, and yet
There was a gulf between us, deep and wide,
Not to be spanned however hard we tried.
In vain I strove to find what this might be,
This nameless something parting you and me,
But failed until just now, when you let fall
An observation that explains it all.
A moment since you candidly confessed
"*Don't care for dogs.*" Quite so—I might have
guessed.

Lost Ball.

Master, on his hands and knees, is getting hot
and red,
Tired Missis leaves her hammock-chair to search
the potting shed,
Old Bill has ceased his digging and grumblingly
proclaims,
"It isn't in the water-butt, nor neither of my
frames,"
Now William Junior re-appears and issues his
report,
"It ain't among the sprouts and kale, nor on the
tennis court,"
Reluctantly I am impressed, and craftily an-
nounce,
"I'd better go and look next door—those blessed
things *do* bounce!"
It's Wednesday—Early Closing Day—or else
I'd hear, "Just run
Down to the village shop (three miles!) and buy
another one."
Ah, here's the vicar debonnair in garb im-
maculate,
"Please, can I help?" Of course . . . beneath
those shrubs around the gate.

Yes, all are welcome, young or old—good! here
come Cook and Jane!
Now everyone is on the job but—all our toil is
vain.
And he who is responsible for having lost the
ball
Is stretched full-length upon the lawn, and
laughing at us all.

Lucky Dogs.

When my lady goes a-walking in the woods at close of day
The bunnies mark her footfall light and turn them from their play
To gaze in brown-eyed wonder at the beauty of her face,
While goblins clear the brambles from the path that she will pace.

When my lady goes a-walking—from behind his curtain red
The sun smiles down upon her ere he takes his way to bed;
A robin in the tree-top sings a carol low and sweet,
And the bracken wave a greeting and caress her tiny feet.

When my lady goes a-walking—ah! what lucky dogs are you
Who saunter at my lady's side the summer evening through.
If I might wander, too, with her beneath the sunset sky
I should not envy Bran and Don—a lucky dog were I.

?

(*On viewing Hilda's "John" for the first time.*)

She says that you're a "Cairn" of lineage long.
It matters not if she be right or wrong;
Your parents may have been, for aught I know,
Blenheim on one side, t'other—Eskimo.
You are just "It!"—a subject for a poet,
And though not proud, I fancy that you know it.
Oh, why grow up? Remain for ever young!
(Your over-measurement from tail to tongue
Ten inches, fluff included.) Stay a pup!
She *says* you're "Cairn." But if—if you grew up . . .
One never knows, so, take my tip—don't risk it!
For as a *puppy,* yes, you take the biscuit.

S.O.S.

"Oh vere and oh vere has my leetle dawg gone?"
—Old Song *(Molto agitato.)*

A peaceful silence permeates the air.

* * *

His basket? Empty. Underneath my chair
A bone well gnawed, a slipper ditto (new),
But not the vandal, are disclosed to view.

* * *

Ah, down the garden? . . . . . .
. . . . . William shakes his head.

* * *

Not on the eiderdown, nor 'neath the bed.

* * *

Not on the staircase ("feeling rather ill!")

* * *

Not (*"look out, Puppy!"*) on the window sill.

* * *

Not in the coalshed—but another shoe
Under the scuttle! Angel Dog! You—YOU!
All hands on deck! Oh dear, where has he
got to?
Whoever finds him—tell him that he's not to!

Mongrel.

Well, if you are a terrible mix-up,
It's not your fault a bit, dear quaint-faced pup;
You didn't choose your parents, oh dear no!
And if their mating was not *comme il faut*
You're not to blame, so, pray hold up your head!
Since "Manners makyth Dog"—you're *not* "ill-bred":
For your demeanour and your charming ways
Extort remark in these ill-mannered days.

Yes, your behaviour puts to utter shame
Some other dogs I could—but will not—name,
Who, taking prizes at the hand of Cruft,
Are with vainglory and presumption stuffed.
Just one word more within thine ear, old son,
(No, not the floppy, but the stick-up one!)
Dear Missis, bless her! chose both you *and* me
Not for our looks, but—*'cos she loved us!* See?

Terrier Triolets.

Antipathy.

Oh, I do hate our cat!
And, my word, she can scratch!
She's so smug-faced and fat,
Oh, I do hate our cat,
And the chief reason's that
I am hardly her match.
Oh, I do hate our cat,
And, my word, she *can* scratch!

Expectancy.

Will they never have done?
It is time for our walk,
To sit here is no fun,
Will they never have done?
I just pine for a run,
But they talk and they talk.
Will they never have done?
It is time for our walk.

Perplexity.

I'm just blest if I know
Where I buried that bone!
In this bed, p'raps? Heigho!
I'm just blest if I know,

Bother Bill, wish he'd go!
(I could dig if alone).
I'm just blest if I know
Where I buried that bone!

Diplomacy.

Bread-and-butter's poor stuff,
Such uninteresting tack,
And I've soon had enough,
Bread-and-butter's poor stuff,
But I eat it, then—Wuff!
"Here's some cake for good Jack!"
Bread-and-butter's poor stuff,
Such uninteresting tack.

Perspicuity.

Oh, I'm certain I heard
A strange step in the dark!
Yes, it's really absurd
(Oh, I'm *certain* I heard!)
To be asked why I stirred
And be told not to bark!
Oh, I'm certain I heard
A strange step in the dark!

"Yones."

On meeting a "naturalized" Aberdeen on the shores of Lake Thun.

What are *you* doing here? I can't believe
These eyes of mine, they surely must deceive!
Give me a paw, my fellow Briton! Shake!
Then pierce the silence of the sunlit lake
With British "Wuffs" in accents stern and gruff
Till all the mountain echo "Wuff! enough!"
Upon your collar I perceive your name,
Will you permit me? Heavens! What a shame!
Rechristened "JONES"!—and spelt, too, with a Y!
No wonder sorrow dims your amber eye.
You feel embarrassed? You would haste away?
Well, so long! Yones. Gut tag—I mean good day.
Next time I venture northward of the Tweed
I'll give your love to brothers of the Breed.
Yes, fare thee well, ex-Caledonia's son,
But tell your master—YONES!—
it isn't done!

Topsy-Turvy.

Some persons believe that in a future state the dog becomes a man.

If this be so—it follows, I expect,
When you, my dog, a biped, walk erect
That I in turn shall lose my human gait
And stroll behind you, four-legged and sedate.
Now how shall I this startling change endure?
You will not tyrannize, of that I'm sure,
But shall we always manage to agree
When I am "under-dog" and you are "me"?
You'll see I'm fed at stated hours, no doubt;
Whate'er the weather you will take me out,
And will not call me, save in times of need,
To come to heel, nor place me on the lead;
You'll let me stop to chat with folks I know
(Provided always such are *comme il faut*);
In short, I'll be most carefully brought up
And I should be a quite contented pup.

But—if you choose to take a long week-end
With some most worthy but undoggy friend,
Shall I be doomed to stay at home and pine
And feed with Cook and go to bed at nine?
If I am chilly and express desire
To toast myself before the blazing fire,
Will you command me straightway to arise?
(*"Get further back! You'll spoil your boofer eyes!"*)
Or—worst of all! . . at some Supernal Show . .
Me! . . . on the bench! ! ! (But there! I would *not* go!)
Still, what shall be is surely for the best;
No need to worry. Therefore I suggest
We wait until we reach that distant shore
And carry on, meanwhile, as heretofore.
Hi! Fetch your lead!—and don't forget, my son,
In *this* existence *I* am Number One!

Free.

He ruled us with an iron paw,
Throughout the house his wish was law,
His walks and toilet, meals and ball,
Were matters that concerned us all.
His tastes were ours—*we* hated cats,
We liked his pals, *we* thrilled at rats.
He bullied us, his slaves were we,
Now he has gone, and we are free.

Yes, there's no need, henceforth, to say,
"I won't play golf with Ash to-day,
Then Roy can have his walk." . . . ". . . must
get
Back home to tea, or Roy will fret" . . .
". . . a second holiday in Spain,
But we can't leave the dog again."
Foolish? Of course. His slaves were we,
But wore our fetters joyously.

The hassock on the window-seat
From whence he gravely scanned the street;
The fireguard (how he loved to creep
Too near the fire and fall asleep!);
The hated gate that spoiled the fun
Of forays in the chicken run;
No need for these. Now we are free.
Would that his slaves again were we!

Very Fishy.

I told you "Not to!" but you would, my lad,
And after such a dinner as you've had,
Enough for two dogs, each of them as big
As you, or bigger—Peter, you're a pig!
And, not content with such a bounteous spread,
You have obtained—from who knows where?
—the head
Of this large codfish, which you must agree
Has long been absent from its native sea.

* * *

I told you "Not to!" No, keep over there!
Restore your dinner to the outer air
Some distance off! You bad dog, don't forget
That Greed means often—Physic and The Vet!

* * *

Well, how d'you feel, O guzzler lost to shame?
. . . "All right"? I'm blest! And now you
"want a game"!!!

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